

selfishness

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selfishness

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Summary

“It isn’t real, let me.”

Alina hears it in a dream, though she cannot deny that it feels more like reality to her than anything her life has to offer. It’s been decades since she’s heard the voice of the Darkling, and now that the sound of it is tickling her ear once again, she can’t be sure if she’s only hallucinating. So she stays stock-still where she is sewing, foot easing off the machine and hands freezing where they press on multicolored fabric.

Then she hears it again.

“My Alina.”

Notes

Jess (@winterbriars on tumblr) requested an angsty darklina drabble, but i went a little over, and now we have this! it's pretty depressing, so if you hate the r&r ending, this is not for you. but I'm salty and this fic is here to get out some emotions.

so...enjoy?

“It isn’t real, let me.”

Alina hears it in a dream, though she cannot deny that it feels more like reality to her than anything her life has to offer. It’s been decades since she’s heard the voice of the Darkling, and now that the sound of it is tickling her ear once again, she can’t be sure if she’s only hallucinating. So she stays stock-still where she is sewing, foot easing off the machine and hands freezing where they press on multicolored fabric.

Then she hears it again.

“My Alina.”

This time, she can’t help it. “Aleksander?” It’s the barest whisper of hope that enters her voice, almost a cry, a plea. She can’t stand it in this Saints-forsaken place any longer, though years ago, when she was young, it had been exactly what she wanted. But like in all things surrounding power, the Darkling had been right. She *did* crave more. She *does*.

Feeling tears spring to her eyes when he doesn’t respond, Alina lets her hands--wrinkled and littered with scars--fall to her lap, leaving the sewing machine where it rests on the table. She gets up slowly, feeling the age of her body in the creaks and moans of her joints, and walks over to the mirror. In it, herself, not as she was as the Sun Summoner, but as the name she has gone by for the decades since. It’s not important. Alina still is *Alina*, no matter how much she tried to push her true self away.

“Wasted potential,” comes the voice again, still disembodied, still aching close. *“But you are still beautiful. I can’t deny that.”*

“I’m not,” Alina says. It’s not a protest, only resignation that seeps into her tone. She is almost eighty now. To agree with the Darkling would be a lie.

Alina grimaces as sharp bile tinges her throat then, sparking a wave of pain within her. Not physical, but deeper than that. Pain she hasn’t felt since the Fold, back when her emotions faded to a quiet null, a simple *nothingness*.

“And you’re not real,” she finishes, her words more a sigh than anything else. “Leave me in peace. To die, like you did. I lived my life.”

Even though he’s not there, Alina can still sense the sneer upon his face. “And what a life it was.”

“I killed you,” she replies. “Is that not something?” Even to herself, she knows she sounds weak. She is not who she was, and it’s evident in the lack of venom, the lack of sarcasm, the lack of everything she ever prided herself for having. She had been strong, once.

“It’s never enough,” the Darkling whispers, so close that Alina could swear that he *is* in fact there, leaning over her shoulder with his hands gripping her hips, pulling her to his chest.

And again, he's right. It has never been enough, not with Mal, not with the orphanage, not when she always has wanted more than what she has. If that makes her selfish, so be it. But she won't lie to herself any longer.

"I will see you soon, my love," Alina murmurs. It will be the last time they talk before she joins him in the beyond.

When she's absolutely sure that he's disappeared for good, Alina traverses the room back to her sewing machine and sits down again. With any luck, she will have the scarf for Ayla done by tomorrow.

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